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refer, further than to express our opinion that they are a tissue of the wildest and most extravagant vagaries ever conceived outside of Bedlam; or, remembering all that the world owes M. Comte, we might less harshly and not less truly call them the most mournful exhibition furnished by the annals of philosophy of a great mind utterly shattered and ruined. It is a spectacle to which we cannot refuse our pitying sympathy, even while we are unable to repress our contempt. We have no criticism to make on Mr. Mill's treatment of the subject, which is in the main sober and just. But we are surprised at the remark with which he concludes the book, that M. Comte should be considered as great a thinker as either Descartes or Leibnitz, and hardly more extravagant than they. M. Comte's achievements have indeed been great. But neither in the amount of mental effort implied by them, nor in the magnificence of their consequences, can they ever be compared to Descartes's application of algebra to geometry, or to Leibnitz's discovery of the differential calculus. Our surprise is all the greater since, in his recent work on Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Mill has shown himself quite capable both of appreciating the transcendent merits of Descartes, and of sympathizing with the state of mind which led to the eccentricities of Leibnitz. M. Comte might in some respects be more justly compared to Bacon; and the rejection of the Copernican system, which has so often been alleged as a proof of the narrowness of the latter, seems after all a trifling blemish, when we remember how persistently M. Comte ignores all that has been achieved in the department of Psychology. The above is one of the rare cases in which Mr. Mill must be accused of haste and partiality. And we deem it not inconsistent with the respect due to his noble qualities to say that, while his aim is ever to present in the most favorable light opinions from which he differs, he does not always succeed in maintaining the impartial attitude so indispensable in a critic, and of which Bayle has given us perhaps the finest example.

4. — *Life and Letters of* FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A., *Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1847–1853.* Edited by STOFFORD A. BROOKE, M. A., late Chaplain to the Embassy at Berlin. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. xiv. and 352, 359.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON, a name familiar to and beloved by thousands, was the eldest son of an officer in the British army, and was born in London on the 3d of February, 1816. His earliest years were passed at Leith Fort and at Beverly in Yorkshire, where he entered the grammar school at the age of nine, having been previously

taught for several years by his father, a man of intelligence and high character. In 1829 the family went to Tours, where he attended a French academy, and also studied the classics under an English tutor; but in the following year, in consequence of the Revolution, his father returned to England, and Frederick was immediately placed in the New Academy at Edinburgh. Afterward he attended the classes in the University; and at eighteen he returned home, with the purpose of entering on the active duties of life. As a boy he had shown a great fondness for natural history, chemistry, and physical geography, and he had acquired considerable proficiency in French, Latin, and Greek. But from the first he had felt a special longing for the profession of arms; and he never lost his early taste for it. "I was rocked and cradled," he wrote in later years, "to the roar of artillery, and the very name of such things sounds to me like home. A review, suggesting the conception of a real battle, impresses me to tears; I cannot see a regiment manœuvre, nor artillery in motion, without a choking sensation." Again, writing of the battle of Chillianwallah, nearly ten years after he had entered the ministry, he said, with something of sadness in the very words: "I wish I had been with my own gallant, wondrous regiment in that campaign." And at a still later period he wrote: "I turn to the history of military adventures and to science with a sense of refreshment and home, which intensifies as life goes on." His father, however, thought that his character and deep religious feelings would find little to satisfy their cravings in a life passed in barracks; and he was accordingly articled as clerk to a solicitor at Bury St. Edmunds. The year which he spent in the study of the law was doubtless of much advantage to him in training him to habits of exact thought and clear statement; but the confinement of an office proved injurious to his health, and he soon broke down.

His thoughts at once reverted to the army, and his father at length deemed it best to conform to what seemed the natural bent of his genius. An application was made at the Horse Guards for a commission; and on its refusal on the ground of his youth, his name was placed on the list for a cavalry regiment serving in India. He entered with enthusiasm into the preparations for a career to which he had looked forward so eagerly, and soon became an accomplished rider, a skilful shot, and an excellent draughtsman; and in order to qualify himself even more thoroughly for the service, he studied the history and geography of India, the character of its inhabitants, and the various campaigns of the English against the natives. In these studies two years were passed, but receiving no reply to his second application, he seems to have lost all hope of obtaining a commission. Under these cir-

cumstances he was disposed to yield to the advice of his friends, who thought they saw in him the elements of a successful and devoted minister. After some hesitation, he left the final decision to his father, and, in the words of his biographer, "with a romantic instinct of self-sacrifice, which transcended the bounds of prudence, he resolved to give up the idea of his whole life." His father decided to send him immediately to Oxford; and on the 4th of May, 1837, he was entered of Brasenose College. A fortnight afterward he received the long-expected letter, offering him a cavalry commission. "Had it arrived three weeks sooner," says his biographer, "he had never entered the Church; but arriving after his matriculation, his father considered that God had directed the circumstances, and the commission was declined." It was, however, a source of gratification to Robertson that a commission had been offered, since, as he told a friend, it could not be said that he had entered the Church because he could not get into the army.

At Oxford he did not compete for honors, though he gave evidence of much accurate scholarship; and so eagerly did he avail himself of the advantages of a residence there, that at first he attended lectures for sixteen hours a week. The social and moral tone of the place disappointed him; and during much of the time he appears to have been restless, discontented, and uncomfortable, though his friends were selected from the purest, most thoughtful, and best-read men in the University. "To think that men should have nothing better to converse about than all this trash!" was his frequent and emphatic exclamation. "I well remember on one occasion," writes a college friend, "after gathering around him a breakfast-party of reading and rising men, — men of acknowledged intelligence and information, — the distress and almost disgust with which, subsequent to the breaking up of the party, he commented on the tone of the conversation, which had not risen so high, or proved so intellectual and improving, as he had anticipated from the class and character of the men selected for invitation." Evidently he had not felt that need of relief from severe studies which most men experience; and through his whole life we may trace more or less of the ascetic element in his character. At first he was drawn into sympathy with the Tractarian movement, which then engrossed a large proportion of the strongest and most influential men at Oxford; but a critical study of the Acts of the Apostles satisfied him that the Tractarian views on the baptismal question were unsound, and he gradually adopted the opinions of the Evangelical section of the Church, with a decided inclination to Calvinism. He studied carefully Jonathan Edwards, Calvin's Institutes, Collier's Ecclesiastical History, Ranke's History of the Popes, and other controversial works. So strongly did he

adhere to these opinions, and in so narrow a spirit, that we find him denying the Christian name to those with whom he differed at this time, and predicting the future punishment of men with whom at a later period he would gladly have co-operated, even if he did not actually adopt their opinions in a slightly modified form. "Yesterday I dined with M. —," he says in a letter written a year or two after he had entered the ministry. "They were very attentive, and the conversation on all manner of subjects extremely interesting, till we came to discuss the advantages of creeds for a church. He was for admitting all shades of opinion. I represented the object of our Church, to admit all whose opinions differed on subjects not fundamental, and to exclude others. But it soon turned out that our views of fundamental questions differed entirely, and I told him we could not consider one who denied the Deity of Christ a Christian. I used this term, because I knew he would admit the divinity. He then told me that he did not hold the Deity. I said I could not retract, and must tremble for him. This led to a hot and long discussion." In striking contrast with this declaration we may place the deliberate judgment of his later years. "I think some pantheists are nearer the truth than most Evangelicals," he wrote in 1849.

Shortly after leaving Oxford he was ordained by the Bishop of Winchester; and on the following Sunday, July 19th, 1840, he began his labors as curate of the united parishes of St. Maurice, St. Mary Kalendar, and St. Peter Colebrook, in Winchester. Here he remained for about a year, when his health gave way and he was obliged to seek relief in a visit to the Continent. He had begun his ministry with strong ascetic inclinations. "He restricted himself to all but necessary expenses, and spent the rest of his income on the poor," says his biographer. "He created a system of restraint in food and sleep. For nearly a year he almost altogether refrained from meat. He compelled himself to rise early." He read Thomas à Kempis and other books of that class, tending to weaken rather than to strengthen the character, as he afterward asserted; and the only thing about him which was not changed in his later years was his fidelity to duty. "His letters of this time are scarcely worth reading," as his biographer well remarks; and we can readily believe that "it is painful to read his diary, in which all his inward life is mapped out into divisions, his sins and errors labelled, selfishness discovered in all his efforts and resolves, and lists made out of the graces and gifts which he needed especially." None of the sermons preached at this time, we believe, have been printed; but we are told that they contain all the characteristic doctrines against which he so strongly protested at Brighton, and that they are "startlingly inferior" to his later discourses.

He travelled but little on the Continent, and his absence lasted only a few months, his tour ending at Geneva, where he met, and after a short acquaintance married, Helen, third daughter of Sir George William Denys, Bart. For some months after his return, his health was such that he was unable to perform regular duties; but in the summer of 1842 he accepted the curacy of Christ Church, Cheltenham. In this position he remained for nearly five years; but at the end of that period, for some reason which can only be conjectured from his biographer's cautiously worded narrative, his connection with the church was terminated, and he again went abroad. At first he had entertained a great admiration for his rector, and they seem to have labored together with entire harmony; but his opinions had been gradually changing, and doubts and questionings arose which he had never before experienced. "His teaching in the pulpit altered, and it became painful to him to preach," says his biographer. "He was reckoned of the Evangelical school, and he began to feel that his position was becoming a false one. He felt the excellence, earnestness, and gladly recognized the work, of the nobler portion of that party; but he felt also that he must separate from it. In his strong reaction from its extreme tendencies, he understood, with a shock which upturned his whole inward life for a time, that the system on which he had founded his whole faith and work could never be received by him again. Within its pale, for him, there was henceforward neither life, peace, nor reality." There had been, indeed, a great intellectual progress and growth during his residence at Cheltenham; his tastes and sympathies had been enlarged; and he had come into closer contact with the thoughts, feelings, and spiritual wants of this age. A curious illustration of this change is seen in the fact that, when he was preparing a course of instruction on the books of Samuel, he did not have recourse to the sapless commentaries of a former generation, but to Niebuhr's *Rome*, Guizot's *History of Civilization*, and various works on political economy; and at a later period we find him studying Palfrey's *Lowell Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures*, the *Life of Channing*, and other works of a similar character. Tennyson and Dante were his favorite poets at this period; and he also devoted some time to the study of German metaphysics, and the various political questions of the day.

He spent about three months on the Continent, travelling on foot through the Tyrol, and preaching for six weeks in Heidelberg, not without satisfaction to himself, and with great advantage to those who heard him. It was during this period that his mind cleared itself of painful doubts, and that he worked himself out into clear and positive views, in happy contrast with the morbid feelings and sentiments of his earlier

ministry. On his return, the Bishop of Oxford offered him the curacy of St. Ebbe's, Oxford; but he frankly told the Bishop that he could not preach the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, for he did not accept it. "I give my clergy a large circle to work in," was the Bishop's reply; "and if they do not step beyond that, I do not interfere. I shall be glad, however, to hear your views on the subject." A long conversation followed, at the close of which the Bishop said, "Well, Mr. Robertson, you have well maintained your position, and I renew my offer." Mr. Robertson accordingly entered on his new duties, and at once the congregation, which had been mainly composed of poor persons, began to increase rapidly in numbers. One by one the undergraduates began to drop in, and soon the church was thronged with young men, who listened with eager admiration. But at the end of two months he was offered the curacy of Trinity Chapel, Brighton; and after referring the matter to the Bishop of Oxford, who told him that he ought to accept the offer, he determined to enter on this larger field of duty.

If his life had terminated at this period, his name would scarcely have been known beyond the parishes over which he was set, and it is probable that he would have left little permanent impression. But from the moment that he began his ministry at Brighton, his great powers began to make themselves felt. His first sermon there was delivered on the 15th of August, 1847; and at once his preaching began to excite criticism, both friendly and unfriendly. As his opinions were gradually unfolded in successive discourses, many of the old members left the congregation, and their places were supplied by others, who were attracted by the originality of his views, the clearness and force of his statements, and his glowing eloquence. To the earnest and thoughtful men and women whom he thus drew around him, he became greatly endeared; and in spite of the sad and self-depreciating tone of his letters, it cannot be doubted that he exerted a powerful influence over them. Yet his ministry was carried on in the midst of much personal opposition from the Evangelicals, and he was constantly assailed with false accusations and gross calumnies. How deeply he felt this may be seen all through his later letters; and within little more than a year after his arrival in Brighton we find him expressing the opinion that many of the richer classes, "whether reasonably or unreasonably, are prejudiced against me, and perhaps the professedly religious portion of society most strongly so." By degrees his expressions grow stronger, and a feeling of isolation was produced, which often seems to have nearly crushed him, and sadly interfered with his usefulness. "I am alone now," he writes to a friend, "and shall be till I die; and I am not afraid to be alone in the majesty of darkness which His presence peoples with

a crowd. I ask now no sympathy but His. If He should vouchsafe to give me more, I shall accept it gratefully; but I am content to do without it, as many of His best and bravest must do now."

Under these discouraging circumstances, and with a nervous organization so sensitive that he seldom preached without experiencing afterward a feeling of utter prostration and of physical torture which few men could have endured, he labored with untiring zeal to discharge every duty. In the moral and intellectual elevation of the working classes he took especial interest, and he was chiefly instrumental in founding at Brighton a Workingman's Institute. When its existence was put in peril by fierce internal dissensions growing out of a desire on the part of some members to introduce infidel books into its library, he came forward, and, in a meeting called at his request, delivered a masterly speech against this diversion of the Institute from its original purpose. The speech, however, was only partially successful; and after the withdrawal of those persons who had favored the measure, the Institute was reorganized on a somewhat different basis. As might have been anticipated, Mr. Robertson was a fast friend of the new association, and before it he delivered two of his most striking productions, the lectures on "The Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes." On various other occasions and in other ways he showed his interest in the poor and uneducated who were desirous of rising into a better condition; and after his death, the gratitude and affection of the workingmen was testified by the erection of a medallion on his tomb, "in grateful remembrance of his sympathy, and in deep sorrow for their loss." Scarcely had the local excitement which grew out of the dissensions within the Workingmen's Institute subsided, when the religious community of Brighton, in common with the rest of England, was profoundly agitated by the discussion of the Sunday question. The directors of the Crystal Palace Association had proposed to open their exhibition on Sunday. Mr. Robertson disapproved of the opening, but he entirely rejected the arguments based on the supposed non-abrogation of the Jewish Sabbath, and which would create an unjust distinction between the rich and the poor. "I must reverse all my conceptions of Christianity, which is the mind of Christ," he wrote to a friend, "before I can believe the Evangelico-Judaic theory, which is that Mr. — may, without infringement of the fourth commandment, drive his carriage to church twice every Sunday, but a poor man may not drive his cart; that the two or three hours spent in the evening by a noble lord over venison, champagne, dessert, and coffee are no desecration of the command, but the same number spent by an artisan over cheese and beer in a tea-garden will bring down God's judgment on the land. It is worse than absurd.

It is the very spirit of that Pharisaism which our Lord rebuked so sternly. And then men get up on platforms, as — did, and quietly assume that they are the religious, and that all who disagree, whether writers in the ‘Times,’ Sir R. Peel, or the ‘sad exceptions,’ of whom I was one, to which he alluded, are either neologians or hired writers! Better break a thousand Sabbaths than lie and slander thus!” His opinions were expressed with not less clearness and force in a sermon on “The Religious Non-observance of the Sabbath,” which is printed in the Second Series of his Sermons, and which excited much criticism on its delivery. It was, however, he wrote to a friend, “satisfactory to myself, at least, — a thing which has occurred to me but once or twice in all my ministry.” The manly course which he took on these questions, and his uniformly courageous and outspoken expression of his opinions, created a narrow and intense spirit of opposition, which showed itself in various ways, and forced him into still greater isolation. His words were misrepresented, and he became a sort of theological bugbear to all the old maids of both sexes at Brighton, as he somewhere calls them. But he never swerved from a faithful pursuit of truth and duty as he understood them, though all his letters show how much he craved sympathy, and how eagerly he longed for rest.

The seeds of disease had long been lying in his brain; and at length it became evident to him, as it was to every one, that he could not sustain unaided the labors of his charge, and he accordingly sought a brief period of rest in a visit to Cheltenham. During his absence some of the members of his congregation subscribed enough to enable him to obtain the assistance of a curate. He gladly accepted the proffered kindness, and nominated for the office an intimate personal friend, who was well known to the congregation. “He is a gentleman thoroughly in earnest, hard working, and attached to me,” Mr. Robertson wrote. “Our spheres and powers lie in different directions, which will prevent the possibility of collision; and as he will take the afternoon sermon, I shall have leisure for more pastoral work, at the prospect of which I rejoice; for I cannot say how humiliated I feel at degenerating into the popular preacher of a fashionable watering-place.” But these hopes were cruelly disappointed, and his life was sacrificed to the personal pique and offended pride of an ecclesiastical superior. The Vicar of Brighton had a legal right to veto the nomination, and this right he did not hesitate to exercise, in order to gratify his personal ill-will to the nominee, who, two years before, had come into collision with him in the management of a local missionary society. Mr. Robertson adhered to his friend, and refused to nominate another, in a well-grounded belief that gross injustice had been done to him. The excitement of this

controversy, and the public indignation which it created in Brighton, proved too much for Mr. Robertson's enfeebled frame, and he was obliged to shut himself up in his own room, "his life slowly ebbing from him in bitter and unremitting pain." His last sermon was on the last chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, which had formed the subject of a long course of expository lectures, and was delivered on the 29th of May, 1853. Immediately afterward the excruciating pain in the head from which he had so long suffered increased to such a degree, that he was at times partially paralyzed; yet he retained to the last his love of nature and his trust in God. His death was caused by an abscess in the brain; and on the 15th of August, after a day of intense suffering, he breathed his last, just six years from the date of his first sermon in Brighton, and at the early age of thirty-seven. The day of his funeral was a day of public mourning; the shops were closed; and nearly fifteen hundred workmen followed him to the grave. Over it a simple monument has been erected, bearing on one side the bronze medallion given by the workmen, and on the other a similar medallion provided at the expense of his congregation. A memorial window has also been placed in the Chapel of Brazenose College, and a bust in the Bodleian Library; and another has been placed in the Pavilion at Brighton, the gift of one who knew Mr. Robertson only through his posthumous works.

We have left ourselves no space for the remarks on Mr. Robertson's character and discourses which we designed to offer, and must content ourselves with only a few words on the subject. In reading his letters and tracing his personal history, we are especially impressed by his courage and boldness, which are scarcely less apparent in the fearless expression of his convictions, even though he knew that they would render him unpopular, and subject him to false accusations, than in his ardent love of a military life and his recklessness when in the saddle; by his keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, his deficiency of humor, his morbid self-distrust and self-depreciation, his constant dissatisfaction with what he accomplished, the retentiveness of his memory, the readiness with which he adopted new views of life and duty when he became satisfied that the old ones were unsound, the tolerant spirit which he exhibited in his later years; and, above all, by the fact that his teaching was always positive, — the luminous and eloquent statement of his own opinions and beliefs, never the mere denial of doctrines which he did not accept. To this characteristic he owed much of his influence while living; and it is this which gives no small part of their power and their attractiveness to his printed discourses. As we read them, we must never forget that they appear in a very

imperfect and fragmentary shape. With the exception of the sermon on the death of Queen Adelaide, not one of them was revised for the press by Mr. Robertson; and many of them are printed from the rough notes of different members of the congregation collated with the syllabus of the preacher, for it was not his practice to write out his sermons before they were delivered. Yet they must be classed with the most eloquent, thoughtful, and effective productions of the English pulpit in this generation. As statements of doctrine, they are clear, positive, and manly, without a single taint of narrowness and bigotry. As expositions of Scripture, they are characterized by breadth of view and independence of thought. As appeals to the heart and the conscience, they are marked by earnestness and sincerity of purpose, and by a rich and glowing eloquence.

5. — *Life and Times of Joseph Warren.* By RICHARD FROTHINGHAM. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1865. 8vo. pp. xix. and 558.

MR. FROTHINGHAM has long been regarded as one of the most candid, judicious, and accurate of our historical writers; and his previous works — a History of Charlestown and a History of the Siege of Boston — are among the best productions of their class which have appeared in this country. To this well-founded reputation the elaborate work before us is likely to add much. Apart from the personal interest which it possesses as a memoir of one of the purest and most devoted of the popular leaders in our Revolutionary struggle, the period between Warren's entrance into public life and his death has been less carefully and minutely examined by our historians than the subsequent years. Yet it is in this period, and in the transactions with which Warren was intimately associated, that we are to look, not only for the causes of the war, but also for the principles, an adherence to which made it a preserving rather than a destroying Revolution. For the proper treatment of this subject Mr. Frothingham possesses many qualifications; and we have not been disappointed in the expectations formed on the first announcement of his work. It is true that he shows little imagination and little power of graphic description or vivid characterization; but he has an exhaustive familiarity with his subject, — the fruit of a patient diligence in searching out minute details and of a systematic arrangement of his materials, — and throughout he evinces a just perception of the relative importance of the events which he describes. There is, indeed, a paucity of facts in regard to Warren's private life, which even Mr. Frothingham's laborious investigations have